

MONTGOMERY BELL BULLETIN



SENIOR
ANCEMENT ISSUE
1921

PUBLISHED BY
THE STUDENTS OF
MONTGOMERY
BELL —
ACADEMY

"EVERYTHING MEN AND BOYS WEAR"

Porter Clothing Co

CHURCH AND FIFTH

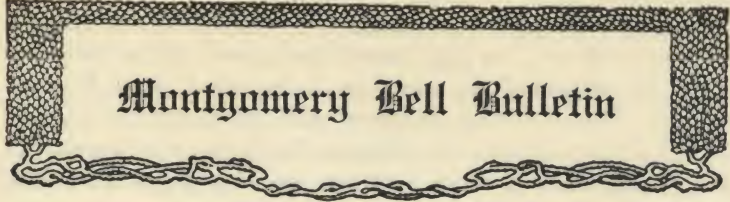
TABLE OF CONTENTS

	Page
Senior Class Prophecy	5
The Lombardy Poplars at Montgomery Bell Academy.....	10
A Ghost Hunt	21
Period III	33
"Here Lies a True Man".....	36
The Black Cat	39
Collie	42
The Spirit of Baseball	46
Dead or Alive	49
The Problem	51
Won by Luck	52
Rabbit's Luck	55
Boost	58
My Buddie	58
Two Pictures	59
Julius Caesar, Not By Shakespeare.....	60
Editorial	65
Locals	69
Athletics	76
Alumni Notes	79
Exchanges	82

THE LATEST
STYLES AT
THE LOWEST
PRICES

Joe Morset Co
Clothiers & Furnishers

619-21 CHURCH
STREET
FACING CAPITOL
BOULEVARD



Montgomery Bell Bulletin

VOL. XX

JUNE, 1921

NUMBER 6

Senior Class Prophecy



YOU have read about Rip Van Winkle sleeping twenty years in the Katskill Mountains, and what a change there was during the time; but did you ever read about a Montgomery Bell Senior sleeping twenty years in the Brentwood hills? Of course the average prep. school student sleeps the four years that he is in school, sometimes awaking when he grasps that round white scroll called a diploma, but unless someone shakes him very hard he is liable to sleep on.

One warm day in the spring of nineteen twenty-one I picked up my gun and started off with my dog. (You remember him, the three-legged one that used to run around M. B. A.—the missing leg was used one cold day when the Hix wouldn't go around.) I reached a quiet spot and lay down for a nap. I hadn't been there long when I heard a roaring noise like the cries of a wompus kitten in distress. I arose and rubbed my eyes. There in front of me stood a little man, about the size of Hugh Reams, with a jug on his shoulders. I looked at the jug and noticed it was labeled "White Lightning." Without a word he beckoned for me to help him. We walked over several undersized mountains and finally came to a cave, where we found eight other little men indulging in the degrading dissipation of African

Tiddle-de-Winks. The game was played with two white cubes with spots on them from one to six. My companion left me with the jug and joined the game. After drinking about five-thirds of the contents of the jug I began to grow sleepy. Things began to grow dim before my eyes, and far off in the distance I could hear the barking of a gold fish and the sweet chirping of a guinea pig. I could hold my eyes open no longer. Subtle sleep stole softly over my weary brow, and I dropped off into dreamland.

When I awoke it was a bright morning in spring and all nature seemed to be in full glory. The golden sun peeped over the hills and kissed the sparkling waters of the brook good-morning. The little pink baby clouds reached up their white finger tips above the sheltering pines to the mother sky above. The birds sang their praise to heaven. Everything seemed happy. I looked for my little companions and my dog, but they were gone. I tried to rise up, but my joints were as stiff as icicles on a cold day in Alaska. My whiskers were long and white, reminding me very much of a snow scene. I finally got on my feet and started down the hill. I came to where I thought Nashville ought to be; but everything had changed a great deal. The Galloway Memorial Hospital was almost finished. All of the girls wore bathing suits and the men wore smoked glasses. In place of the Western Front on Sixth Avenue there was a monument in memory of the taxi drivers and bootleggers who fought so bravely for their cause, "Down with Bevo; white corn or nothing!" The city had almost decided to do away with the transfer station, and the car company was running no-man cars on Hillsboro and Jo Jefferson. It was Saturday, and as usual they were having a tag day. This time it was to buy a raincoat for the statue on top of the Union Station so that it wouldn't get wet. Central gave me the wrong number *only eight* out of *nine* times. This is the way I found things. After a day or two I met Professor Ball. During my long talk with him I found out all about my classmates of '21.

Owen Allen, in winter, ran a school in Brentwood for the feeble minded, and in summer ran a summer resort for retired or run-down motorcycle cops.

Howard Ashley became a great chemist and almost discovered of what "Hix" was composed.

Henry Bivins made a million dollars in the real estate business, but after trying to spend thirty-five cents of it in Nick Melfi's Chile Parlor discovered it was counterfeit.

Jim Crow became a wealthy coal magnate, but one cold winter all of his miners went on a strike and he froze to death.

"University Club" Fletcher became the star demonstrator of the "Silent Method of Sipping Coffee." His main office was in Murfreesboro.

Frank Greener became the head Trigonometry teacher in "The University of the Golden South," located at Hollow Rock Junction, Tennessee.

Homer Gibbs founded a city in the South Sea Islands and taught the cannibals how to sew.

Frierson Manning was a physical director at the Y. W. C. A. and wrote a book entitled, "Basketball as She Should Be Played."

Ramsey McMurray became a photographer and every year has the exclusive right to take the pictures of the Senior Class of Pearl High.

"Uncle Dudley" McMurray finished his battle with "Fessor" Blair and became a successful cooking teacher in the Old Ladies' Home.

Phil Minton went to Centre College and became the All-American Draw-back on the football team.

After being told all of these things by Mr. Ball, and my head being in a whirl, I stopped in a drug store and asked for a Coca-Cola. I was told by the astonished clerk that since the prohibition act of 1935, no Coca-Cola, Chero-Cola, Orange Crush or milk chocolates could be sold without a doctor's prescription. I asked for two or three more drinks with the same success. So finally I ordered a glass of muddy

water and a dozen pine-wood toothpicks, and having paid the cashier, I walked out of the store in disgust. I heartily wished that I had slept on. But we must get back to the lives of those illustrious Seniors.

"Cush" Radebaugh bought out the Tanlac Manufacturing Company and is now making "Radebaugh's Vegetable Compound."

Earl Rehorn is now at the head of "The Southern Social Charm School for Debutante Daughters." He teaches the swimming and dancing classes.

Clifford Thomas has become the Mayor of Antioch.

Charles Turner is teaching dancing by correspondence. He gets out a little book called "How to Toddle, Though Bowlegged." The book is published by the Hermitage Hardware Company.

Ed Webb is the second vice-president of the Fifth and First National Bank of Flat Rock, Tennessee.

George Gillespie sells tickets for a sideshow named "Have You Seen Stella?" They say George wears a new vest every day.

George "Grabba" Holt is running "The Holt Consolidated School for Social Tea Hounds."

William Richard Young is selling a book called, "Ten Thousand Things You Should Know," by Bob Skinner, illustrated by Ike Hirsch, published by the Nashville Laundry.

James Randolph Crutchfield—Q. E. D., B. V. D., S. O. L.—is taking his third post-graduate course in the Greenland Polytechnic Institute. After this he will figure (by College Algebra) how many Eskimos are settled around the Equator.

Harry Hedrick went to Jaw-Jaw Tech, became an architect, and designed "The Royal Arch of Victory for Retired Bartenders."

"Pup" McWhorter is the captain of the Pink Socks of New York City. His great playing has given New York the title of the Chattanooga of the North.

"Fat" Werner bought a drug store in Tracy City and is making a fortune in oils (the kind that comes in bottles).

"Happy" Lowe is wearing earrings and running a fruit stand in the Arcade. Every winter he catches the spring fever.

Harry Speier has gone before the eyes of the public and now has a job as a movie actor.

"Bass" Williams is now a salt water tar. He sails on a ship (?) between Nashville and Memphis.

James Walter Griffin is printing a paper called "The Daily Mistake." The only mistake I saw about the paper was the publisher.

"Oily" Staley is the Senior that slept twenty years. If I had slept a hundred, the whole bunch would have been dead.

This will be about all. I thank you for your kind attention, and wish you and all the Senior Class a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

WEBB STALEY.

11:45

It's English six and period five,
And I can hardly stay alive,
Because from out the lunchroom door
The smell of Hix comes floating o'er,
So thought distracting, tantilizing,
That I can hardly keep from rising
And leaving Fessor and English six,
For, darn it all, I want my Hix.

HENRY BIVINS, '21.

The Lombardy Poplars at Montgomery Bell Academy

Two poplars tall I chanced to see
Before a building red,
Two tulip trees of Lombardy
Against the sky ahead.

My heart within me leaped in joy
As I beheld the view
And thought of many a careless boy
Now grown to manhood true.

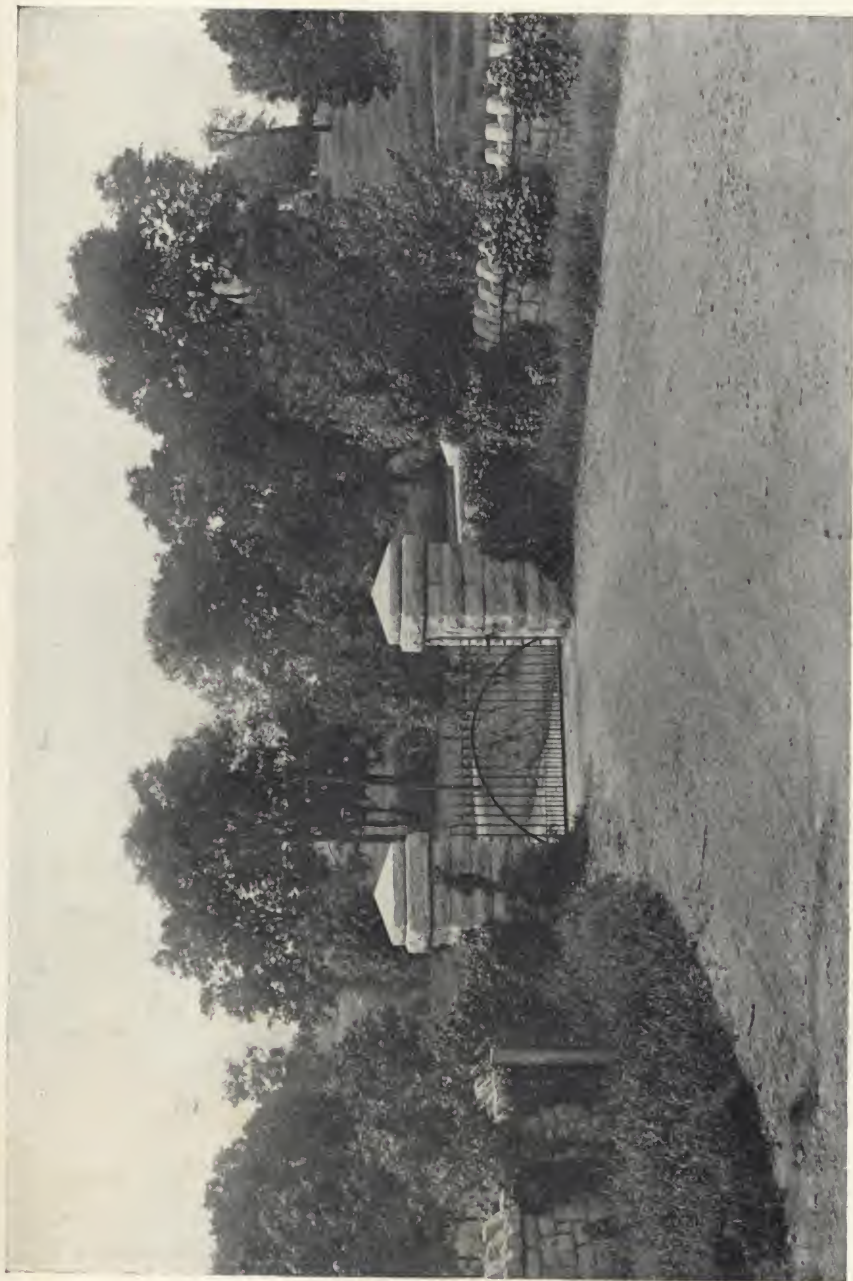
The lads in youth left M. B. A.
To seek the heights of fame;
In youth each left, and went away
Each climbing toward his aim.

Beneath the lofty poplars twain
The lads in haste pass by,
Some march toward glory, some toward gain—
Toward fortune drawing nigh.

Montgomery Bell! Montgomery Bell!
As forth thou sendest them,
Strive on, and on, until the knell
Shall sound a requiem!

Wave on, ye poplars, in the air,
And signify to all
That each in life his load shall bear
And each shall heed his call!

H. E. R.



SENIOR CLASS



1921

MONTGOMERY BELL ACADEMY

W. S. Smith



J. Owen Allen
 Howard C. Ashley
 Henry W. Bivins
 James M. Crow
 Frank W. Fletcher
 Frank H. Greener
 Homer B. Gibbs
 Frierson Manning
 Ramsey McMurray
 Will H. McMurray
 Phil Minton
 Cushman Radebaugh
 E. Earl Rehorn
 Webb Staley

Clifford Thomas
 Charles M. Turner
 Edward C. Webb
 William R. Young
 J. Randolph Crutchfield
 Harry Hedrick
 W. H. McWhorter
 Sam Werner
 Fred Lowe
 Harry Speier
 George Holt
 Grainger Williams
 James W. Griffin
 Gen. R. Gillespie

POST GRADUATE

Hugh E. Reams

FACULTY

Isaac Ball, Headmaster

Chas. B. Caldwell

Mrs. E. W. Ball

Frank J. Cherry

Mrs. J. C. Johnson

R. H. Blair



JUNIOR CLASS

Top Row—Woodring, Oldham, M. Anderson, D. Brown, M. Hart, J. Potter, Morris, Wenning, Glennon, G. Mathews, Martin (Vice-President), W. Treanor—Neil, Petty, J. Roberts, Kenny, Keeble, Holton, Bledsoe, Frances, McEwen.
 Second Row—Piper, E. Jones, Criddle, Templeton, Warren.
 Third Row—C. Anderson, Oughterson, Russell (President), Simmons, Nutting, Cartwright, Pritchett.



SOPHOMOR E CLASS
 Top Row—Sawyers, Vice-President; Kuhn, Lusk, Whitehead, Morrissey, A. Brown, Weherenberg, Niles, A. Hart.
 Middle Row—Boyd, Moore, Hussey, Harris, Boulware.
 Bottom Row—McCoin, President; Phillips, Stockard, Hitt, P. Turner, Bracey, C. Treanor.



FRESHMAN AND SUB-FRESHMAN CLASS

Top Row—Hirshberg, Stokes, Weinberger, Roy, Eakin, T. Roberts,
 Second Row—H. Johnson, Hilderbrand, Ball, Gilbert, H. Jakes, Warner, Carver, Glenn, Lindsey,
 Third Row—Lackey, Walker, R. Jakes, O. Radebough, R. Johnson, Hite, T. McMurray, I. Mathews (President), Burns,
 Bottom Row—Parks, Wilkinson, Draper, Montgomery, Murray, Riddle, Lewis, B. Jones, Love.





FOOTBALL TEAM

Top Row—Sawyers, J. Puryear, Reeves, D. Brown, Manning, Griffin (Captain), Hager (Coach), J. Treanor, Hedrick, Templeton, A. Brown, Blake.

Middle Row—Morris, O'Callahan, C. Potter, Cartwright, Tupper, Lusky, McColn.

Bottom Row—Kuhn, Russell, C. Anderson, Moultrie Ball (Mascot), Neil, Atkinson (Manager), Minton, Ferguson.

Bottom Row—Kuhn, Russell, C. Anderson, Moultrie Hall (Mascot), Neil, Atkinson (Manager), Minton, Ferguson.




BASKETBALL TEAM
 Top Row—Emerson (Coach), Holton, Hedrick, Manning, Templeton, Russell.
 Bottom Row—D. Brown, McEwen, Minton (Captain), Call, Martin.



THE BULLETIN STAFF
Left to Right—Enloe Simmons, Associate Editor; James W. Griffin, Athletic Editor; Geo. R. Gillespie, Local Editor; H. E. Reams, Literary Editor; Maxwell Hart, Alumni Editor; J. Owen Allen, Editor-in-Chief; Chas. M. Turner, Business Manager; James M. Crow, Exchange Editor; Norwood Nutting, Assistant Business Manager.

A Ghost Hunt

HE old two-story Baxter house on Crockett Street had for a decade been regarded as haunted by the gentle folk of Manchester. Shortly after old Colonel Baxter had died in the spring of 1833, a stranger, who claimed to be the only relative of the deceased veteran, took possession of the stately residence. He rented it, soon after, to the Bowles, one of Manchester's oldest families; but two months later Nap Bowles suddenly moved out and declared that the place was "full o' ghosts." The town folk at first laughed at his wild stories of the ghosts, but a year later, after they had seen four other families move in and almost immediately leave, they listened more gravely to the stories of the former short termed tenants.

Many of the good people continued to scoff at those "haint tales." No one, however, seemed to have the courage, even though he might have had the curiosity, to attempt to prove the truth or falsity of his statements by a personal visit to the Baxter house. Since the fifth family had moved away from the house in terror, no one had even paid a visit to the once colonial palace. The owner tried in vain to find a tenant. He even offered rent free, but still no one came.

Nature had done her best to hide from view such a mysterious, weird structure as this place had grown to be, but had only made it appear the more grotesque. A thick sheet of green moss, which covered the front, kept the decayed worm-eaten window sills and door frames from crumbling to dust. A grape vine had twined itself about one of the front doors in such a manner that entrance could not be gained without the aid of a sharp axe. Two giant oak trees on opposite sides of the front porch had so joined their branches over the roof, that the second story was almost entirely hidden by their leaves. Tall weeds covered the place where there was evidence of wooden steps. Such a place as this would certainly bring gloom if not fear upon

the people of today, and of course it was more than the average person of the "forties" could endure.

A group of boys, all about the age of eighteen, had gathered in front of Joseph Gartland's general store on a certain evening in the early fall of 1844. After riddles had been guessed, stories told, and the party thrown into fits of laughter at the unusually good jokes that James Yates had told, someone mentioned the haunted house. Bill Boswell, a favorite with this particular group, and always its leader when there was any unusual or dangerous work to be done, at once suggested that on the next evening the party meet and visit the Baxter house, for, he said, "If there is no ghost there we ought to prove it to these timid folks of Manchester. There must be something, however, that sends the honest would-be tenants away trembling with fright, and it is our duty to the community to find that something." Even though Bill had made the suggestion and even though every boy felt that it would be a great service to his community and town, still it was not received with enthusiasm by one of them. It was not until Bill's plan had been well discussed and debated that the boys reluctantly agreed to meet at the store the following evening as the sun set, prepared to go to the haunted house for the night.

A few minutes before sundown the next evening, nine impatient young men in front of Gartland's store awaited the arrival of their leader. As the sun dropped at last from sight below a clear horizon and Bill still failed to appear, the party grew very restless. No one could even guess what the trouble might be. It could not be that Bill had grown faint-hearted, for had he not been the sole promoter of the ghost hunt? Night had now come, but Bill had not, and the party decided to return to their homes. Just as they were leaving the front steps of the store, Bill dashed around the corner at the side of the building, and leaped over a low balustrade to the porch. He dropped to a bench panting. Everyone pushed back to the porch in order to learn what had delayed the exhausted boy. As soon as he could breathe

somewhat regular he said, "I am sorry to have kept you waiting; but when you hear what prevented my coming earlier, I feel sure you will pardon me, and be glad that I was delayed. You see, just before I started for here I realized that we ought to have something to keep our spirits high, if we are to combat spirits, so I told Mammy Philis to cook three pans of ginger bread while I got four jugs of ale. Mammy Philis learned to cook good ginger bread when she first came to live at our house after my grandfather bought her from the Ferris family; now, no other negro that we own can equal her as a ginger bread maker. With Nigger Jim's help, I carried the stuff and placed it under the big elm in the corner of the Baxter yard. This is the excuse for my tardiness."

"Fine!" everyone shouted. Then the whole party seemed to grow as light hearted and jocular, as they had been worried and downcast only a few minutes before Bill arrived.

Bill soon interrupted their chattering with, "Now that we are all here, let's be up and away. I say, Dick, did you bring candles?"

"What have you to say to that?" the boy addressed inquired, holding up a box of home-moulded tallowes.

"Very good! I see that we are well prepared against darkness," replied Bill.

The party thus chattering as they walked along soon reached the big elm in the yard of the haunted house, stopped to gather up the ale and ginger bread, and proceeded toward the house. At the porch they again halted, this time to determine through which door they might gain entrance with the least effort. After deciding that the center door was easier to open than either of the others, they lined up, shoulder to shoulder, for a push. At first the door refused to budge; but at length with a mighty crash it fell inside to the floor of the hall, sending the dust which covered the floor up in clouds so dense that to go in before the dust resettled would certainly set everyone to coughing at least.

At last the dust settled and the boys entered the hall,

holding their candles high above their heads in order to get a better view of the interior of the hall. A stairway, that seemed remarkably well preserved and clean, led from the back of the hall to the second story. Diagonally from the foot of the stairs in the opposite corner of the hall was an apparently tightly closed door. Directly across the hall from this, a door stood slightly ajar. It was through this door that the boys passed into a large room which had probably been used as a library by the old Colonel Baxter. They continued their tour until every room, both up-sairs and down, had been carefully searched and examined. Nothing which even indicated that the house was or had been the dwelling place of immortal beings was found. In fact there was nothing peculiar or unusual discovered save the clean stairs and a path, cleaned of dust, leading from the top of the steps to the side of the room into which the stairs opened. The boys reasoned that this had only been swept by the wind which blew constantly through an open window opposite the top of the stairs.

Having completed their explorations and having thoroughly acquainted themselves with the numerous entrances and exits to the rooms, the boys resolved to gather about a long rough table, which someone had left in the dining room, and there await the coming of the ghost, who, as Nap Bowles and the other former inhabitants had said, always appeared between midnight and two o'clock in the morning. Three of the boys looked about the room for something that the party might sit upon, and found two long boards and an empty chest. By turning the table so that one end was exactly in the center of a big window and by placing the chest at the other end, the boards could be arranged so that they formed very satisfactory seats. This done, six candles were placed in the center of the table and the boys settled themselves to begin their unpleasant watch.

Time passed very slowly to the boys, but twelve o'clock came at last. Everything had been almost as quiet and still as it would have been in any other house at that period of

the night. There had been no noise other than that made by the boys themselves as they talked and shuffled their feet restlessly beneath the table. Twelve o'clock passed without disturbance. Twelve-thirty came, but still nothing unusual happened. One o'clock arrived, but no unearthly visitor had called. Several of the boys said that they had always believed the ghost tales untrue, and that this was proof of it. When one-fifteen had passed uneventfully, the whole party was of the same opinion as the few boys had been fifteen minutes before. They laughed now at the wild stories of the ghosts which they had heard since childhood.

"Let's have some of Bill's fine ginger bread and ale," one of the boys proposed. Everyone said that the lunch would be very acceptable just at this time, so two of the fellows served the ale and ginger bread. The whole group seemed to become less apprehensive of ghosts, and one of the boys even suggested that a toast be drunk to the "hauntless haunted house." Another said that the house probably was haunted, but that the ghost was afraid to appear before such a fearless party as this.

The glasses, having been filled for the toast, were raised, but at that instant a gigantic white form appeared in the front of the room and swept across the center of the table, extinguishing every candle and overturning several glasses of ale. The boys, although now thoroughly frightened, relighted the candles and started a search for the object that had now completely vanished. They searched diligently for a trace of their phantom disturber, but not one thing told of its visit save the still upturned, empty ale glasses.

They again seated themselves about the table and resolutely decided to remain in the house the rest of the night, whatever else might happen, and to be alert so that on the slightest notice of the approach or the reappearance of the ghost they could prepare to capture it. Things about them which had seemed very ordinary and common now became mysterious and awful to some of the boys. A big web that spiders had woven in a corner of the room seemed to change

to a net of glittering, glistening silver. The very light that the candles gave out appeared more ghastly. The party was not at all inclined to jest about the haunted house any longer, for there was certainly something very strange in that house.

For ten full minutes, silence reigned supreme. Then, exactly in the place that it had been seen before, the spectre reappeared. Without hesitating it came rushing toward the table; this time, however, although it again blew out every candle, one of the boys yelled, "I've got it." Upon lighting the candles, terrified as they were, every boy burst into a hearty laugh, for there stood James Lawson, his lanky form quaking as if he were suffering from intense cold, clenching an empty sheet. James stoutly argued that there was nothing in the sheet at the time he grabbed it, but the others only laughed derisively at him. The boys carefully examined the sheet and found a row of small holes near one edge. While they were trying to learn more about the mysterious sheet, three piercing screams rang out. It was thought that they came from the room above the one in which the boys had gathered. Two of the boys each picked up a candle and started for the stairs, the others following close behind. As they mounted the stairs screams were again distinctly heard, accompanied by groans and a clanking of heavy iron chains. Now, they were sure that the noises came from the room over the dining room. Even these weird, terrifying sounds failed to frighten the boys into discontinuing their investigation. On reaching the door, they cautiously pushed it open and entered.

Although the light from the candles penetrated every corner of the room, they saw nothing at all. Unsatisfied with having looked in but one of the up-stairs rooms, they visited every other room, but found nothing. "This is indeed mysterious," one of the fellows, who had ridiculed the others for their talk of ghosts, now admitted.

As they were about to descend the stairs, a white object flitted across the hall and disappeared, seemingly, through the wall. Instantly the boys were after it. They rushed

against the place where it was last seen, and, to their astonishment, a small trap-door swung open. On examining the place into which the door opened, the boys saw a shaft approximately three feet square. Hesitating a moment, they began slowly to climb down a rope ladder, which they found hanging in the shaft. It seemed to them that the shaft was bottomless, but at length a bottom was reached. Pushing on the side of the shaft, a door, exactly like the one through which they had come, opened, and they filed out into a cellar. After the last boy had climbed through the opening and the door had shut itself, Bill excitedly cried as he pointed to the other end of the cellar, "There it goes." The party turned about and raced after the fleeting white form.

It led them into a low-roofed tunnel, and although the boys knew where they were being led, they continued after the object as fast as they could move in the stooping posture that the low roof forced them into. "We are gaining on it," Bill, who was leading the boys, assured them. "We'll catch it yet." They were now within a few feet of the ghost. With a panther-like spring Bill threw himself at the object, knocking it to the floor of the tunnel. Several of the boys piled on the struggling ghost. A muffled voice, which sounded like that of a human being more than that of a ghost, called from the bottom of the writhing pile, "You fellows have got me. Let me up and I will tell you about this place." All but two of the boys arose and walked around the prostrate form stopping so that they would block the passage. Then the two boys who sat upon their victim assisted him to his feet.

"We'd better get this fellow to the light before we listen to his story," advised Bill; and the party marched their captive through the tunnel back to the cellar.

When the light from two newly lighted candles fell upon the group, they saw a man, perhaps thirty years of age, garbed in a sheet, torn and begrimed by the recent struggle, who appeared troubled rather than frightened. As the party closed in about him he began: "First of all, I will tell you

that I am not here alone. There is another here, and you must give me your word that you will allow this partner of mine to go free before I shall tell you my story. I care not what you may do with me if you but permit my partner to go unharmed. If you do not promise this, I shall signal my partner to escape if possible, and will not tell one word of why we are haunting this house." As he finished speaking, he looked inquiringly at the boys, who were debating whether or not to grant such an unusual request. Since nothing else could be done and the man seemed determined to stand resolutely for what he had said, they pledged themselves that this associate, to whom the man was so devoted, should be freed.

This finished, the fellow raised his fingers to his lips and whistled twice. A few seconds later a sheet-covered figure stepped through the trap-door from the shaft. The man walked to meet the new arrival, and said, "Sister, we have been caught." He lifted the sheet and the boys looked into the face of a beautiful young woman who appeared a few years younger than her brother. The two came back to where the boys stood gasping with astonishment, and the man continued: "This is my sister. Twelve years ago when our grandfather, the old Colonel Baxter, died, my sister and I claimed this property which is rightfully ours. We and a great-uncle of ours were the only living relatives of the Colonel Baxter. By trickery and crafty dealings this dishonest uncle wrested the title of the property from us. My sister and I, scarcely more than children, resolved to prevent this cowardly cheater from deriving any benefit from so dastardly an act. We soon decided that the best way in which we could accomplish our purpose was by haunting the place, thus preventing either the rental or the sale of the property. We hoped that by giving the place the name 'haunted house' this uncle would be at least willing to divide the property among us, but he did not. I built a room in the garret, while the place was vacant after my grandfather's death, with an entrance through the floor which could be

reached only by means of a rope ladder that I hung from this opening through the shaft that you saw. By placing a trap-door in the wall, where the shaft passed the second story, it was possible to enter the house by this.

"We devised innumerable ways of frightening tenants and visitors, one of which you saw when I passed the empty sheet twice over your table by means of a small black wire that was hung close to the ceiling. When one of your party caught the sheet as it passed the second time through the room, he broke the wire. In order that we might safely come in and go out of our room in the garret I dug this cellar and cut that tunnel where you caught me. The tunnel is only two hundred feet long and opens in the edge of the old orchard. I saw that the entrance was well concealed by tree roots and under-growth. Of course we have not lived here, but merely come when it is necessary to send a tenant or visitor away believing that the place is inhabited by ghosts. When we heard that you boys were coming to prove that the place was not haunted, we came back to our garret bent on doing our best to send you away as we have sent others. We swept the stairs and that path through the dust which probably puzzled you when you first came into the hall from the front porch. Now, since you have caught us, we can do nothing but ask you to believe our story and to keep it a secret."

The boys still dumb with awe at the extraordinary story remained silent for several minutes. James Lawson was the first to speak. He said, "Fellows, I believe this poor man's story and think that we should join in assisting him in getting possession of this property."

"That's right!" everybody said enthusiastically.

"We will put this particular case in the hands of my uncle, Squire Joe Barnes," said James Lawson, "and I feel sure that matters will be righted. If Mister ——"

"Thomas Baxter and my sister, Helen," the man interrupted.

"If Mr. Baxter and his sister will meet me tomorrow

afternoon, I will introduce them to Uncle Joe," continued James.

The man and girl, overwhelmed with joy at having found such staunch sympathizers, accepted James Lawson's offer readily, and promised to meet him the following afternoon in his uncle's office at two o'clock.

The next afternoon, promptly at the time agreed, found James at the office of his uncle awaiting the arrival of his newly made friends. A few minutes later the door opened and Thomas Baxter entered followed by his sister. James had already related the case as nearly as he had remembered to his uncle, but of course it was necessary for the Baxters to tell it again in detail before the lawyer could clearly fix it in his mind. When this had been done Squire Barnes said, "It is clear that you have every right to the property, and I believe that I shall have little trouble in convincing a jury that the place belongs to you. I shall confer with the attorney of this great-uncle of yours during the week and learn whether or not he is willing to settle the matter out of court. I believe that he will offer at least a division of the property in order to save the expense of a trial. Call here Monday of next week and I shall have word from him."

As the Baxters and James Lawson seated themselves about a desk in Joe Barnes' office on the following Monday, James' uncle began a letter which he had received from the attorney of the great-uncle of the Baxters. It read: "My dear sir: Since you have written me concerning the Baxter property at Manchester I have discussed the letter with my client, and he refuses emphatically to meet any proposition that you may have for him. The only way in which you could hope to get a title to this property would be through the process of law, and since there is absolutely no chance of winning a suit such as this would be, I advise you to drop the matter and thus save your clients much expense.

"Yours truly, J. K. BARR."

"We'll show this impertinent lawyer and his thieving client to whom that place belongs," Barnes said as he slowly

refolded the letter. "I have already filed suit, and the case will be tried the second Tuesday of next month. You will please be present at the courthouse that morning, promptly at nine o'clock."

"Mr. Barnes," Helen Baxter said as she and her brother were leaving the office, "we can never repay you in half for what you are doing for brother and me. We are also very grateful for the aid that those kind boys who caught us have given us."

Days sped by, and the day set for the trial at last arrived. The courthouse was filled with citizens of Manchester, for somehow it had been whispered that a suit involving the haunted house would be tried that morning. Joe Barnes and his clients were seated across a table from the Honorable J. K. Barr and the scowling great-uncle of the Baxters. After the case, which was complex and exceedingly difficult for both lawyers, had been placed before the court, the jury retired for a verdict. During the time the jury was making up a verdict, the great-uncle seemed very nervous and agitated, while the niece and nephew appeared as quiet and confident as if the decision had already been returned in their favor.

The jury returned, after being out for thirty minutes, and the foreman said, "We find that the defendant has unlawfully held this property, and that it belongs solely to the plaintiffs."

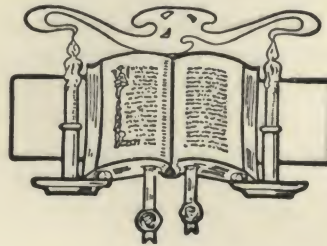
Almost before the juryman ceased speaking, the enraged uncle jumped to his feet crying, "There's no justice to this! I won't have it, I won't!" The judge soon silenced him, by reminding him with a fifty dollar fine for contempt of court that court had not adjourned. He paid the fine and rushed out of the courtroom leaving his attorney to make all necessary settlements alone.

The people of Manchester, who had heard how untiringly the Baxter children had fought for the place which should belong to them, crowded about the two, shaking their hands and expressing their congratulations.

Thomas Baxter and his sister, soon after, moved to their place, where they lived until both died. It is said that they left a will bequeathing the entire estate, which they had by repairing converted back to its former beauty, to the party of ghost hunters who had captured them and helped them in recovering their property.

Although the place has long since fallen by decay, its memory lives yet, and the story of the haunted house is often told by the old people of Manchester to their children and grandchildren.

ENLOE SIMMONS, '22.



Period III

Scene I. Place, Lower Hall.

Enter Fesser Cherry with roll sheet in his hand, followed by a hurly-burly throng intent upon getting into his study hall before he calls the roll.

Fesser walks to desk, puts down various books and papers, and starts to call the roll.

"Anderson!"

"Here!"

"Bivins!"

"Here!"

"Greener!"

"Here!"

Fesser glances up from roll sheet and sees afore-mentioned Greener in the act of preparing to slip out of folding doors. Not wishing to have any of his studious proteges run amuck in the lunch room, basement or other equally popular places around the campus, Fesser proceeds to shut doors, windows and all other means of escape, which past experience has made him acquainted with.

The roll continues:

"Jack Potter!"

"I am here, Fesser!"

"All right!"

"Charley Potter"

(Answer from out in hall):

"Here, Fesser!"

"Well! Come in here!"

"I am *coming*, Fesser."

"Connor!" No answer. Fesser looks over hall and turns in matter-of-fact way to write down demerit. A wild commotion is heard outside on steps and Connor blusters in with the announcement:

"I am here, Fesser! Don't gimme no time."

"Well, you ought to be in here."

"I was talking to Mr. Ball, Fesser."

"You must have a lot of business with Mr. Ball; you were late from talking to him yesterday."

Connor grins and walks back to his seat.

"Joe Pritchitt!" No answer.

"Joe Pritchitt!!" Joe slowly raises his head from behind a desk where he has been dreaming of what he would say if he was called on in math. class next period, and shouts back:

"Not prepared, sir!"

"All right!"

The roll continues uneventfully and is soon finished.

Scene II. Place, same.

Fesser proceeds to hold his Algebra class. A problem is given the class to work at their seats. Fesser glances over mail on desk and walks out in hall to get a drink. Footsteps are heard swiftly ascending steps. Fesser glances up quickly, but seeing no one, shakes his head, allows a smile to play around his lips and returns to study hall, there to see "Tot" wildly waving his "lunch-hook."

"What is it, Potter?"

"May I be excused?"

"Yes; but don't stay out but five minutes."

Scene III. Place, same.

Fesser is trying to impress the value of plus and minus signs upon his Algebra class. Suddenly he stops in the middle of his explanation and turns his head to sniff the air in a knowing way. The class is forgotten, as Fesser quietly but surely makes his way to a high window on side porch which overlooks the "smoking parlor."

"All right, Potter, two demerits and come on back in here."

"But, Fesser, my five minutes are not up yet."

"That doesn't make any difference; you do as I say."

Fesser's tone brooked no argument, so Potter slowly makes his way back into study hall.

Scene IV. Place, same.

Fesser has just concluded various arguments with other members of his study hall by diffusing demerits very freely. His free and generous distribution of demerits has quieted the whole room down to the extent that you could hear the heart of the fellow next to you beating like a trip hammer (that is, if your own was not beating too loudly). This state of quiet was too unnatural to last, so it was suddenly broken by the sound of the bell. Things are again thrown into confusion, amid which Fesser stalks out of the lower hall and back up the stairs to his lair on the second floor.

HENRY BIVINS, '21.



"Here Lies a True Man"



HERE are today in France many little white crosses which mark the final resting places of American soldiers who, putting aside all selfish interests, braved the U-boats, gas, shot, and shell of the Huns, in order to make the world a better place in which to live. About the only thing that is ever written concerning most of these is the notice of their death, sent to their relatives. But the life of every one of them is a pathetic story, a story of mothers, wives, sisters, and sweethearts waiting at home for the one who would never return.

Take the case of Tom Hawkins, for instance. Tom was a fine boy, but few knew it. He made friends easily, but rarely kept them very long. His main fault was, taking everything in life as a joke. No matter where he would be, at a dance or at church, at a wedding or at a funeral, he would always be laughing and joking. He had been expelled from school because he not only neglected his own studies, but also kept everyone else from studying by his pranks and capers. If he ever had a serious thought he was the only one who knew it. After he left school he went to work, but his habit stayed with him.

One night Tom and Bill Stark, a friend of his, met Miss Mary Smith, a smart, beautiful and attractive girl. It was not long before both fell madly in love with her. Along with this mutual attachment for Miss Smith, there arose a mutual hatred of each other, as each one thought that the other was the only thing between him and the prize. Stark, however, who was a quiet sort of boy, seemed to make a better impression than Tom with all of his fun and play. One morning Tom was startled by the notice of the wedding, whereby Mary Smith became Mrs. William Stark. He was dumfounded. Here, the only girl in the world, according to his idea, had married another man. What was he to do? He first thought of suicide; but he rejected that immedi-

ately, because death was one of the things in this world he feared most. Then he thought of going off to some far country to try to forget. And during the day he thought of a million things to do, but he found some objection to them all; and so by night he had decided to stay where he was and try life a little longer. He vowed, however, never to speak to Bill Stark again.

Then came the dark days of '17, when the war cloud which had been hanging over America burst, and we allied ourselves with France and England, on the side of humanity. Tom and Bill at the very first enlisted in the Aviation Corps, although each did not know at the time that the other was doing so. In truth they did not meet until they had been in camp for about a month, and then when they came face to face they did not speak, because Tom could not forget the past. After a stay in camp for about four months they went to France with their squadron, and there got their first taste of fighting. During all this time they had not spoken to each other, and in fact they never did again.

One morning, after they had been "over there" for about a year, Bill was ordered to go on a scouting expedition over the German lines. So about eight o'clock, after having inspected his machine thoroughly, he seated himself in the cockpit, and was off. The day was bright and clear and, although flying at a high altitude, he could see plainly the trenches, artillery, and in fact everything that was going on below him. He flew about over the German lines and, having gotten all of the information he wanted, had started for the American line, when he saw two German planes coming up after him. Bill was no coward and so, without a moment's hesitation, he started for the leading Hun plane. In about a minute the Hun plane faltered, turned a flip, and started falling. Bill's bullets had found their mark. Then he started for the other Hun plane, but was not so successful as he had been in his first encounter. He dived, looped-the-loop, and did all of the maneuvers known to him, but the German not only managed to keep out of his range, but also

was sending bullets at him thick and fast. The planes were now in full view of the American lines and Tom was watching the battle with interest. Suddenly he recognized the American plane as the one in which Stark had gone up. His first thought was, "I hope he is killed." But then he thought, "That is the man she loves." Without a word he jumped up and ran to his plane. Hardly a minute had elapsed before he was in the air, headed in the direction of the two planes. By this time Stark was in a bad fix. His machine gun had jammed and it appeared only a matter of minutes until he must follow in the path of the first Hun plane. Then those on the ground saw Tom's plane flying at a great rate of speed straight for the Hun. Just as two giant locomotives in a head-on collision, the two planes crashed together, reared in the air, and commenced to fall. They fell, complete wrecks, within ten feet of each other inside the American lines. Stark, half dazed, his mind in a whirl from the sudden crash and disappearance of the Hun plane, for he had not seen Tom come up, finally managed to make a safe landing within the Allied lines, unhurt.

* * *

Two years later, just as the shadows of evening were drawing nigh, a man and a woman were seen standing by a grave marked with a little white cross. They had stood there for about an hour, silent, with serious faces and bowed heads, when the man, who was no other than Bill Stark, looking at the woman and then at the grave, softly said, "Mary, here lies a true man."

OWEN ALLEN, '21.

The Black Cat



HIS story begins during the famous epidemic of crime and vice that raged in the notorious Chinatown of San Francisco. At this period, criminals from every part of the world were in Chinatown, seeking protection from the national authorities. Among the most widely known, and most feared by the officers of the law, was a new one known to the detectives as the Black Cat. This mysterious being, for no one knew whether it was a man or woman, through a series of crimes had baffled detectives time after time. The only clue he ever left was a white piece of cardboard with the crude picture of a black cat drawn on it.

Mr. Barton, who was the United States secret service man detailed to trace the Black Cat, had just regained consciousness, after having been knocked cold by a terrific blow on his head. He was sitting on a pile of bricks holding his throbbing head, still half dazed, and unaware that he was in Chong Alley, a very dangerous place for a secret service man. He had been sitting there for about ten minutes when he became aware that there was standing before him a beautiful young girl, with dark hair and a graceful but rather small figure.

"Monsieur," she was saying, "I need help."

He rubbed his eyes and looked again. Yes. There she stood, looking down at him with entreating eyes, while in a minute's time a thousand thoughts flashed through his mind. First, he imagined she was the Black Cat, since he had never gotten a clue as to the gender of this notorious criminal. Again, he thought, such a beautiful, innocent-looking girl as she was could not be the terror of the country. He did not know what to think; and then he heard her speak again.

"Monsieur, I am in trouble. Will you help?" she repeated.

His wisdom and prudence told him it would be foolish to follow her, but when he saw her beautiful face he could not refuse. So nodding his head in assent, he arose and followed her. He thought that maybe by following her he could gain some clue as to the whereabouts of the Black Cat. She led him down the alley, between the rows of houses, and finally into a seemingly vacant building. He followed her through a long dark hallway and up a flight of rickety stairs. After feeling her way through another dark hallway, she led him into a pitch-dark room, which she brightened by lighting an old battered tin lamp. There was no furniture in the room except a chair and a three-legged table.

"You are under arrest in the name of the French Government," she informed him, as she put a revolver in his face and cuffed his hands.

"What does this mean?" he said, a little vexed, but trying not to show it, as he had instantly fallen in love with her.

"I am a member of the French Civil Service, and I have traced you from Bordeaux, France, here," was her reply, in a manner somewhat similar to his.

"Oh, my dear lady," he replied, "you have never seen me before."

"That is true," she agreed, "but I have traced you by your monogram. This is what I found in your pocket."

And she showed him one of the Black Cat's cards. He was in a fix, and he knew it. For he did not know for sure that she was a French secret service woman, although he hoped she was.

"You don't understand," he insisted.

"I hope I don't," she said, "because I like you and would like to set you free."

"If you will let me go, I will—"

But he did not finish, for soft footsteps in the hall told him that someone was stealthily approaching the door. She ran to the table quickly and put out the light. No sooner had she done this than someone entered the room.

"Who's there," a man's voice said from the doorway. After receiving no reply he lit a match and quickly extinguished it.

Barton heard a scuffle and the girl's voice crying for help. At this he resolved to fight for her regardless of who-
ever she might be. He groped forward in the dark toward the noise and suddenly came to the place where the struggle was going on. Reaching forward with his hands, which were still handcuffed, he felt the neck and throat of a man. Instantly he got a strangle-hold on the unknown. A fierce and quick struggle ensued. The stranger with his wind cut off was in a disadvantageous position and soon the thud of his body on the floor told Barton that the stranger was "out," and the voice of the girl asking him for a match put his heart back to its normal place.

* * *

I could not declare how the instantaneous love affair turned out, but I do know that Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Barton, temporarily of Palm Beach, Florida, were rewarded very highly by the United States and French Governments for the capture of the notorious criminal known as the "Black Cat."

W. H. MCWHORTER.

Collie



BEAUTIFUL little girl of about twelve sat caressing the head of a beautiful collie that gazed longingly up at her. As she caressed the dog she looked up at her father with her deep blue eyes full of sorrow and pity. "Daddy," she said, "do you really believe that Jack was the dog that killed Mr. High's sheep?"

"I don't know," he said, "I can hardly believe he did; but you see it looks very much that way. You know Jack was gone that night, and then there is no other dog within four miles of Mr. High's. You know Mr. Thomas has the next nearest dog, but it wouldn't be likely that he would come that far to kill sheep. Then too, I saw Mr. Thomas this morning, and asked him if his dog was out that night. He said that the dog was on the door step that night at nine o'clock, and that the next morning he was in the same place sleeping quietly as though he had not so much as moved during the night."

"I know that everything is against him, daddy; but I just can't believe that he did it. I don't believe that he is that kind of dog. He is too good to our sheep; but even if he did, I can't give him up. I can't stand for him to be killed. It would break my heart." As she said these words she patted the dog's head lovingly and the collie looked up at her as if he understood that she was saying something about him.

"I don't like to think Jack guilty myself," said her father, "but we are going to watch both dogs and if he proves to be the guilty one, and I am very much afraid he will, it will be necessary that we have him killed."

The next night about dark they called Jack, and were intending to watch him, but he was already gone. The only thing now to do was to call Mr. Thomas and tell him to watch his dog closely that night. If any sheep were killed and Mr.

Thomas's dog proved not to be guilty then Jack must be the guilty one.

That night Mr. Thomas watched his dog, and about eleven o'clock the dog got up and looked all around as if to see if anyone was watching him. Then he started off straight towards High's farm. Mr. Thomas waited and about three o'clock the dog came in panting with his tongue hanging out, and lay down on the mat just as he was before. Mr. Thomas took his lantern and went out to examine the dog. When he shined the light on him the dog looked up with a guilty look in his eyes. In the corners of his mouth was a little blood and his tongue was redder than usual. This told the story. Bob was the guilty dog, and Mr. Thomas knew it; but still he told himself that he could not give Bob up because he was worth too much to him.

The next morning the telephone rang and the little girl's father answered it. He was not surprised to find that two more of Mr. High's sheep had been killed. He immediately called Mr. Thomas and asked if his dog left home last night. Mr. Thomas told him that he watched his dog all night, and that he hardly stirred during the whole night.

"Well, I guess that settles it," said Mr. Johnson, "because my dog was out all night." With these words he hung up the receiver and went to find his little daughter. He found her out in the yard playing with Jack. He walked up to her, and patting her on the head he said, "I am sorry, little girl, but we will have to have Jack killed today." He told her the story, and when he had finished she looked up at him with her eyes full of tears and said, "Daddy, I still don't believe Jack is guilty, but it looks mighty bad, and if you think it best I guess he must die; but, Oh Daddy! It will be so hard, I will have nobody to play with." With these words she burst into tears and fled into the house.

That evening at four the work hands came after Jack. The little girl came out of the house and Jack ran to meet her. She knelt down beside him, and as she ran her hand through his beautiful sleek hair, she said, "Poor Jack, I can't

believe you guilty. I believe that you are going to die for what some other dog has done; but Daddy says you must die." The dog looked up at her, wagged his tail and whined, as if to say that he didn't understand. She then patted his head and told him good-bye. She stood by and calmly watched the men as they tied a rope around his neck and led him off towards the woods. When they were out of sight she ran into the house, fell on the bed and sobbed as if her little heart would break.

That day at twelve, while Mr. Thomas was feeding his mules, one of them kicked his dog, which resulted in instant death. As he looked down at the lifeless body of the dog, he thought seriously over the matter and finally decided that there was no use letting Mr. Johnson kill Jack, since his own dog was now dead. He immediately started to the phone. The little girl was still sobbing on the bed when the phone rang. She answered the phone, but this was all she heard: "This is Mr. Thomas. Tell your father not to kill Jack. It was my dog that killed the sheep."

Like a flash she hung up the receiver and bounded through the open door. She ran toward the woods with her hair streaming behind her. She reached the woods and went flying up the hill. Just as she reached the summit she could see Jack tied to a tree on the opposite hill. One of the men was backing off with revolver in hand. She plunged down the hill screaming at the top of her voice, but the men did not hear. She saw the man raise the revolver. Her heart was in her mouth. The man's hand stood still for a few seconds as if he were pulling the trigger, but still there was no report. Then she saw him lower his arm and the others crowded around him as if to examine the weapon. Within a few seconds the man began backing off, ready to try the weapon once more. The girl sped on like the wind, still screaming as she ran. Just as the man raised the revolver to fire the girl's father heard her screams and looked up. When he saw her he knew what it meant. He sprang to the man's side and just as he pulled the trigger he knocked

the revolver into the air. In a few seconds the little girl came up breathless. She went straight to Jack and threw her arms about his neck. When she was able to talk, she told her father the message that came over the phone.

She gently rubbed Jack's long, sleek hair. "Jack, old boy," she sobbed, "I knew you were not guilty; but if it had not been for those wet cartridges where would my dog be now?" He looked up and wagged his tail as if he did not understand; but when she untied the rope he gave three or four loud barks as if to thank her for releasing him, and bounded off ahead of her. In a little while you could hear shouts of laughter from the little girl mingled with the dog's barks as he jumped after the stick which she held high in the air.

EARL REHORN, '21.



The Spirit of Baseball



AFTER the funeral, "Goldie" Yates rode silently back to his small, yet tidy, apartment on West Hill Street. He had nothing whatever in the world except his infant son, James, and a few odds and ends consisting of some old furniture, a few clothes and a highly prized baseball glove. He reflected over what had passed in the last two years.

A successful baseball career had been before him. He had been hailed by fandom as one of the greatest pitchers since the game began. But—a woman came into his life. He had married a girl named Madge Thompson, after a whirlwind love affair. She proceeded to "boss" immediately. He must give up professional ball and get a legitimate position. "Goldie," during the first few months would do anything for her, so he gave up his profession and sought other means of livelihood. He had finally secured a job as floor-walker in a department store. Although this did not bring him so tidy a stipend as he had received in baseball, he squeezed by with the aid of his wife. They had lived happily, most of the time, until James was born. After that, Madge was never well again. She contracted consumption and lived only eight months. Now, she had been buried.

He thought first of suicide, for he had loved Madge; then he thought of his infant son, Jimmy. No, he must live for his son, Madge's son, the only thing in the world worth while to him. He braced himself with a new determination and he felt relieved that he really had something to live for.

In February the papers began to give the first gleanings on baseball. Clubs had signed new players, others were holdouts, all in the life of the grand old game. The coming season was forecasted to be the best, as is always the case. "Goldie" drank it all in. His blood began to tingle. He knew baseball would give him more money for Jimmy. He pondered.

The first day of practice of the Sacramento team saw him in the role of a "rail-bird." Day after day he visited the park. Day after day his desire to return grew stronger. His will-power slowly diminished and at last vanished. It was too much. He wired Miller Huggins, manager of the New York Yankees.

He was wired transportation immediately and, after placing Jimmy in good hands, took the train for Dixie. In forty-eight hours he was in camp and had signed on the dotted line. His contract called for ten thousand dollars, which meant much to him. He must make good.

He was a bit discouraged after his first week out. The kinks did not want to come out of his arm, for he had had no training for two years. He set his teeth and thought of his son. A month under the Southland sun and he was feeling fine. He pitched in mid-season form. The Gotham "scribes" journeyed down to see him in action, for they had not forgotten his superb twirling of other days. They gave the fans the numerals which showed the brand of ball he had played formerly.

April the fifteenth came at the Polo grounds. The sensational come-back of "Goldie" was spread broadcast. He was slated for slab duty and, too, this being the opening game, an unusual crowd was on hand—some thirty-eight thousand, to be exact. When the star took his position, he was a bit nervous. The first man to face him walked. The next man drove a hot liner through the box. The ball sifted through his glove and both men were safe. The next man seemed to have solved "Goldie's" delivery for, instead of a sacrifice, he raised the ball to deep center for two bases, both men scoring. Before this inning was over, two more runs trickled across. This was his off-day.

Both sides then went scoreless until the seventh. The opposing slab artist had his troubles. Every player on the Yank's line-up came to bat in this inning. With two men on and two out, the hard-hitting catcher walked, filling the bases. The weak pitcher was up next. Two and two, then

the crack of the bat told the crowd that "Goldie" had connected. The ball rose high. The right fielder ran back. The ball landed in the upper right-field stands for the circuit. The score remained six to four for the remainder of the game. The same fans who had yelled:

"Take him out," during the first inning, were now congratulating one another over so promising a player.

September came. The Yanks cinched the American League bunting, and, after three gruelling contests, the White Sox did likewise in the National League. The greatest world's series of all time was on. As was predicted, "Goldie" was the mainstay on the mound for New York. He made three starts, and it is needless to say that he annexed as many wins. The championship went to the American League team.

Baseball rocked along until another world's series was at hand. The Sox were sure to win, but New York had gotten into a hopeless rut. The world was electrified by a rumor that several Sox players had "thrown" games to the Yanks in the last series. The rumor was investigated and seven players were indicted. They were removed immediately from the game and raw recruits inserted. They could not hold the torrid pace set by the Indians, and consequently the Sox were put out of running for first honors.

The "blacklisted" players were tried. Others were implicated along with many notorious gamblers. Among the names mentioned was that of "Goldie" Yates. Had he received a bribe? It was proven that he had refused to throw a single game in which he participated. This was no doubt appreciated by the moguls for, to show their satisfaction of a man who knew right from wrong, they presented him with a check with a like number of figures to that which he had refused.

Although honesty may never be found by others and rewarded, dishonesty will always be discovered in the end and dealt with accordingly.

FRIERSON MANNING, '21.

Dead or Alive



ALL Kirkpatrick, LeRoy," said Clarke Simmons, colonel of the Royal Mounted Police in Sketwatchen, British Columbia. This was to his secretary.

LeRoy went to the barracks where he found Hugh Kirkpatrick busy playing cards with several of his comrades. Kirkpatrick was a large man, probably thirty-five years old, with a well-developed body, powerful shoulders and a rugged face, with honesty written in every line. He was one of the duty-abiding men of the battalion. He was a God-fearing man, kind to all things and ready to right any wrong he might make. He had few enemies, but Simmons was one of them. Simmons had charged him many times with false things and had played him many nasty tricks. The cause of all this was that Kirk had kept him from beating an old Indian guide for losing the trail in a snowstorm.

As Hugh entered the office he knew by the glint in Clarke's eye that he had something up his sleeve.

"Good morning, Kirk," said Simmons.

"Good morning, Simmons," replied Hugh.

"Another murder at the Yellow Dog Saloon last night. He's headed north. Pick up any information you can. Here's the warrant. Go and get him."

Hugh took the warrant and looked at it. "Good God," he cried. "My brother!" Simmons only laughed. It was amusing to him.

"I refuse to go!" he shouted.

"What, have you turned coward?"

After many unpleasant remarks from Simmons about being a coward and shirking his duty to Justice, Hugh resolved to go. He remembered that his brother had always been of a turbulent nature, and he believed that the murder was just as the commandant had told him. He had simply walked in and killed the bartender because the man accused him of forgetting to pay for his drinks.

Leaving the office he went to the general store. He found out here that his brother had headed straight out towards the cold country. All agreed that Simmons had "pulled a raw one" on him. Fitting himself out with sled and dogs, provisions, and three hundred rounds of ammunition, he started in pursuit. His brother, Powers, had twelve hours' start on him.

It was terrible that he should have to stain his hands with his brother's blood, but it was justice. The warrant read, "Dead or Alive." He knew his brother would never give in. The Kirkpatricks were not made of that sort of stuff. He would have to kill him. The thought was appalling.

On and on for six hundred miles he pushed after the fugitive. He was sure he was gaining for he had passed two dead dogs on the way, and twelve dogs travel faster than ten. It was cold, bitter cold. He had caught a bad cold and suffered from it severely.

He was surprised to see another dog two days later. His brother must have little food as his dogs were dying.

One day, while passing through a stretch of timber, he was startled by a loud roar. The dogs stopped and whined. Out of the trees came a big brown grizzly, his yellow fangs bared and his eyes bloodshot. The dogs jerked and ran. He was alone with this brute. The bear came on. Hugh pulled from his belt a long knife. The blade was fully sixteen inches long and very sharp and shiny. Bruin reared up and slapped at him. The claws sunk deep into his shoulder and the arm went limp, but not before the blade reached its mark, sinking deep into the beast's heart. The bear dropped with an astonished look.

As he stooped to see if the bear was dead, he was almost stunned at the sight of a piece of cloth on the snow, for it was from his brother's scarf.

He could not be far distant. Hugh pushed on through the underbrush. The snow was falling fast now, making the path all the more difficult. He staggered on, for the

wound in his shoulder made him weak. He had gone only about two hundred yards, when he saw in front of him a figure on the ground.

He called, but receiving no answer, went forward cautiously. The body was that of a man. He turned it over. It was his brother. The marks of the bear's teeth were deep in his throat.

He had fulfilled his duty. His hands were not stained by his brother's blood. Justice was satisfied. The warrant read, "Dead or Alive."

HENRY PIPER, '22.

THE PROBLEM

You have spent four years in a school for boys,
You have studied your young life through,
You have gained the top with all its joys,
Now, what are you going to do?

There's many a night you've burnt the oil,
And figured your problems few,
But the problem still, after all the toil,
Was what you were going to do.

Have you thought of the hopes in your mother's heart,
That she's fostered so long for you?
Have you thought of her love, as you soon will start,
To do what is yours to do?

As you stand, young man, with your prep. days gone,
And the cares of the world fall due,
If what you have done you should not have done,
Then what you should do, go do.

G. R. GILLESPIE, '21.

Won By Luck



ROBERT CURRY had played on the Hilton High School basket ball team for three years and was now entering his fourth and last year as captain. Hilton started the season with a rush, sweeping all opposition aside with large scores. Then the inevitable happened—Hilton went stale. Small teams that should have been “crips” for Hilton required their utmost efforts to beat them. In vain did Curry plead with them to get together before the coming series with Brown High.

Brown High was their deadliest rival, and to beat them was all that Hilton wanted. Brown had won a tough game of football from them by the score of 10 to 7. Hilton was out for revenge now.

The team's poor showing may be partly attributed to Robert himself. Ordinarily he had no superior on the gym floor, but now his opponents seemed to play rings around him. Valiantly he tried to stage a comeback, but something was lacking. Hilton dragged on toward the end of the season, and although she did not lose games, she had barely nosed out her opponents with low scores.

Brown High had the best team she ever had. Critics said they were the best prep. school team they had ever seen on the floor. It was a pretty sight to see them sweeping up and down the floor. Their passing and footwork was of the highest caliber. They had two little forwards whose goal shooting was nothing short of marvelous. Brown swamped teams that had held Hilton to low scores. Brown supporters were wondering just how much their team was going to beat Hilton.

The day for the game arrived. It was to be played at Newburn, on a neutral floor. That night the gymnasium was packed. Playing true to form, Brown ran away with Hilton. Along towards the end of the second half they sent in the second team. By exerting themselves the Hiltonites

kept the "scrub" team from scoring, thus saving themselves from utter disgrace.

On the next night there were not many people to see the game. Everyone thought that it would be a duplicate of the first, and they did not desire to see a second slaughter. The few that were there fairly gasped at what they saw. At the first tip-off, a Hilton forward received the ball, flashed it to his running mate. "Presto." Two points for Hilton. Hilton was never headed. Although she did not play perfect ball, her comeback had taken the fight out of Brown. Hilton won the game by the score of 28 to 12. Curry shot eight field goals. He was now the Curry of old—he had come back.

Next day the word went around that Hilton had come back—they were playing like Hilton ought to play. That night the gym. was filled to overflowing. Fifteen minutes before the game started the "S. R. O." sign was hung out. When the Brown High team trotted out on the floor, the Brown High supporters raised the roof with their cheers. Two minutes later the Hilton team appeared on the floor. The "Hiltonites" went wild then. The supporters of Hilton and Brown engaged in seeing who could make the most noise, and it was with some difficulty that the referee and other officials restored order and started the game.

The teams lined up on the floor in their proper places, waiting for the tip-off. Robert Curry was nervous, and the sooner the game started the better it would suit him. The referee blew his whistle, tossed the ball up, and the great game was on. In his eagerness to get the ball Curry made a foul and ten seconds later the Brown forward made it good, and now Brown was in the lead. She was not destined to hold this, however, for a moment later, by brilliant passing, Hilton worked the ball down the floor and Curry shot an easy goal.

Hilton had certainly come back and was playing Brown for all she was worth. So the game went on; first one team, and then the other would be ahead. At the end of the first half the score stood 18 to 18.

In the next half the fighting was more fierce than it had been in the first half. Curry's nervousness had worn off and he was literally running wild! The Brown High guards could not stop him and he rang up goal after goal. The score had been see-sawing up and down all during the half, when Curry happened to glance around and see the timekeeper getting his gun ready to shoot and thus end the game. Quickly he looked at the scoreboard, and saw that Brown was one point ahead of them.

The ball was being thrown up at center. Curry was standing on the extreme edge of the court, directly to the right of his center. The ball was knocked to a Brown High man, but in some manner it slipped through his eager hands, took a queer hop, and fell into the outstretched palms of Curry. With a despairing glance at the timekeeper and a hopeful one at the basket, he flung the ball with all his strength toward the goal. The second it left his hands the gun was shot, ending the game.

But what of the ball. It described a neat arc through the air, hit the back board with a bang, bounced back into the ring, then back into the air, came back down, spun around the ring twice, and then it seemed as if Fate was trying to tease Curry, for the ball came to the very brink of the basket and paused—

You could have heard a pin drop in the big gym. Gray-haired men gripped the back of their chairs; students mashed their hats; the women and girls simply sat and stared, powerless to move.

The ball wavered an instant and then fell *into* the basket. Hilton had won the championship.

HARRY HEDRICK, '21.

Rabbit's Luck



HELLO there, Webfoot! How's you getting along? 'Pears to me it's been most a year since I seen you last."

"Rabbit, I know only too well that it's been a year since I seen you in Memphis, just a tryin' to see if Old Lady Chance would take your money or give you some more wid it. By the way, I hope's the little ivory imps of Satan did treat you like you wanted 'em to."

"Well, Webfoot, since you's asked me I might as well tell you that those dice ditched me on a sidetrack that night, and I ain't ever recovered from that shock."

"Too bad, Rabbit; but it may be that you would like to get into a little game where you sure can get some action for your coin. Does you want to come wid me or not; if so, meet me right here at eight o'clock."

Rabbit had been trying to quit or lay off those little rolling ivories, because they almost always put the rollers under him, as he termed it. After a moment's thought, Rabbit agreed to be there. Then he walked away, because he had to go to a little room that he called home. Finally Rabbit came out with his hip-pocket bulging with about a hundred dollars or more, and walked on down the street to meet Webfoot.

"Rabbit, how comes you here so early?" voiced Webfoot, as he walked up.

"Well, I'se a tellin' you for your own good, just you lay off me tonight, 'cause I'se done got a hunch which says I'se gwine to bring home the bacon; so you mark my words and lay off me whenever I shoot those dice. But the reason I'se here so early is 'cause I just can't keep still when I has my hunch."

After going down two or three alleys, Rabbit and Webfoot slipped in the back door of Joe Stanton's pool room, where all welcomed Webfoot with a friendly smile.

Webfoot spoke up: "Boys, here's one of my old pals from Memphis; his name don't mean nothing, 'cause he's just known as 'Rabbit.' Come on boys, if any of you feels like you might want some action for your money, 'cause I'se got the cubes."

Funny to say, but all stepped up and wanted to have their share in this little social gathering, as they called it. Webfoot walked back to an old billiard table, that paid Joe Stanton more than all the rest of the tables put together, for he got a dollar from each man that went into that room.

Webfoot laid down a five dollar bill, saying: "Well, boys, I craves action, so get on the table with a mate to my five spot."

One of the boys flipped down a five and Webfoot gave the dice a long roll and they stopped on six and five. "I shoots that ten," said Webfoot. "Is I faded or not? All right, then here I goes. Wow! Don't miss 'em dicey, one more lick won't hurt em; and they didn't miss; so let go again, for I'se shooting twenty. Come on, sweet dice, you little imps of Satan, and get your gamblin' blood up, and don't miss 'em this time 'cause I needs it just as bad as they does, so let's go dice. Wow! I reads four, boys; you may think that's slow death, but I don't when it's four for forty. All right. Wow! I read eight, so I rolls again, and this time I wants the deuces wild. Wow! I read four! Well, I drags off and shoots five. Wow! Caught five! Fever in the family. Five; get out five and show your face. Wow! And I falls off on five-two. Just the same I thanks you for this much."

The dice finally came to Rabbit. "Boys," said he, "I has a hunch, and I'se gwin to play it, so here goes, for I'se shootin' ten, and I'se lettin' it ride as far as you boys will fade it."

"Rave on Rabbit, and make those race horses behave to suit yourself tonight," says Webfoot.

"Well," says Rabbit, "I sees I'se faded, so dice show me your fair face, and let me make 'em sorry they ever caught me. Wow I reads seven! Now I shoots it all."

"I'se gwine to pay 'tention to what you told me awhile ago," says Webfoot.

"Hit 'em dice and make 'em sorry again. Wow! And I reads five and six. Well, boys, I'se shootin' that forty, 'cause I believe I'se livin' up to my name for it. Looks like my rabbit foot's a comin' back to me."

"Your rabbit foot's sure holdin' good now," says Webfoot.

"Well, I'se faded, so here goes. Wow! I sees eight and I ain't stopping on account of that, 'cause mistress eight I'se your friend, so don't wear no veil in front of me, but please show me your fair face. Wow! I reads nine, but that's all right dice; Just keep the aces down and I'll make my eight. Wow! And I reads four, four, and now I shoots the eighty, so fade me boys while you has the chance, 'cause I can't pass every time."

"Make this pass and you will have it all, Rabbit," says Webfoot.

Then says Rabbit, "You sweet loafin' dominos, I'se a prayin' to you, and just askin' you to make this one more pass, so please don't fail me. Don't miss this time, dices. Wow! I reads ten; well, let's jump it on the buck, dice, the same way you caught it. Wow! I sees twelve, but they ain't goin' to fail me this time, 'cause I'se callin' ten from Tennessee. Sweet dice, be kind to me. Wow! And I reads 'leven, so I'se gwine to call you differently, so snap to 'ten-shun, dice, and show 'em who's your captin. Wow! And I reads a pair of fives! Dice you'se sure treated me right to-night and I think we had better go. What do you say, Webfoot?"

Rabbit picked up his money off the table, and as they went through the door, Webfoot said: "Rabbit you sure played your hunch and showed those dice who was their Captin."

B. W. CRIDDLE, '22.

Boost

Boost, and the world boosts with you;
Knock and you're on the shelf;
The world gets sick of the one who kicks,
And wishes he'd boost himself.

Boost when the sun is shining;
Boost when it starts to rain.
If you happen to fall, don't lie there and bawl,
But get up and boost again.

Boost for your own advantage;
Boost for the things sublime.
For the chap who's found on the topmost round
Is the booster every time.

EAKIN, '23.

MY BUDDIE

Those little cards each Thursday morn,
That come to prompt our parents' scorn,
And mother's tears, and make me warm,
Sometimes have brought forth fits untold,
That racked my brain and made me cool.

But those are things of long ago;
No more those frowns and tales of woe,
To make me sick and nervous grow.
Is it because I've changed of late,
And grades am making up to date?

No, may the secret ne'er be known,
Which in my heart my wit has sown,
For now my grades are never shown.
The postman's friend I'll ever be,
For he's the buddie who's good to me.

HARRY SPEIER, '21.

Two Pictures



If you go up an alley between two large smoky brick buildings, at the lower end of the financial section of one of our large Northern cities, in what was at one time the center of the Wall Street of the city, you will come to another alley intersecting this alley. If you turn to the right and take twenty-five or thirty steps you will come then to a fire escape on the left wall.

Looking up and down this passage between the backs of many buildings, you will see in the middle of the day what one sees in any alley, sparrows, cables and smoke. But if you wait until a little later, after six any evening, you will see from five to a dozen newsies come in from different directions, like so many sparrows assemble, and from that time until after dark little Italy, little Greece and little America indulge in a crap game until dark drives them away—or a policeman—at which time the one of the group who discovers the unwelcome visitor first yells, “Chees a da cop,” and quick dispersion takes place.

A little after the bunch gets settled, another figure slinks up along by the side of the building and tries to avoid recognition by any of the players. It is growing dark, but one can see that it is only another newsboy. He is a little taller than any of the others, and he carries in his hands a loaf of bread and a bottle of milk. Climbing up the fire escape three flights, he takes out a key from his pocket, opens the door and enters.

By seven a lean, tired-looking woman comes up the alley in another direction and climbs the same fire escape, pausing on the first flight to look back over her shoulder and fling a word of scorn at the gathering in the street. Entering at the same door which the boy had entered earlier, she sees this picture.

At the left of the small room a table is set for two, with milk, bread, and eggs. On the right is an old wooden bed

and also a cot. In the center and rear back is a fireplace, a small grate—but no fire is laid—and before the fireplace is stretched the boy. A small oil lamp burns low by his head and he has in his hand an arithmetic book.

She looks at him quietly a moment and then lets her gaze drift up to the low mantel on which a picture is resting—the only picture in the room save some from old calendars—and she looks intently upon it. It is a picture of a lad also. He is stretched out before a wood fire, making some figures with charcoal on the back of a shovel. Under the picture is inscribed this: "I will prepare myself and maybe some day my chance will come."

Her eyes drop once more to the boy and she murmurs lowly, "Maybe, some day; who can tell?" Then she enters softly.

H. E. R.

"Julius Caesar, Not by Shakespeare"

ACT FIRST—*Scene I*—Rome, Fifth Avenue

(Enter Flavorrite (a policeman) and a certain commoner.)

Policeman: "What's all this unnecessary commotion about? Get thyself home and to bed. Knowest not the curfew rang an hour ago? What's your business?"

Commoner: "A shoemaker."

Policeman: "Your trade-mark?"

Commoner: "I sell O'Sullivan's rubber heels. 'Absorbs the shock that wears you out.'"

Policeman: "Why are you not at home?"

Commoner: "I am out celebrating the triumph of Cæsar."

Policeman: "Go home and let Cæsar celebrate his own triumph." (Exeunt.)

Scene II

A public place (corner Forty-third Avenue
and Fifty-eighth Street)

(Enter Mr. and Mrs. Cæsar.)

Calpurnia (Cæsar's wife): "Julius, there is a man talking to you."

Caesar: "Who is he, Cal?"

Mrs. Caesar: "A soothsayer."

Caesar: "What is it, soothly, old dear?"

Sooth: "Beware the Ides of March."

Caesar: "Aw! Run along and sell your papers."

(Exeunt Mr. and Mrs. Cæsar.)

(Enter Marcus Brutus and Cassius.)

Brutus: "I don't like that fellow Cæsar."

Cassius: "And neither do I; he is too stuck up."

Brutus: "Not only that, but he wears colored collars. Still I guess he is all right."

Cassius: "All right, nothing! He is gaining too much power. Was not he offered the crown thrice?"

Brutus: "You said it was a new style crown. Get the gang together and we will kill Cæsar and I'll get the crown. Meet me at Nick Melfi's chili parlor tonight. (Exeunt.)

ACT SECOND—*Scene I*—Cæsar's house. Thunder and lightning.

(Enter Cæsar in his pajamas.)

Caesar: "Doggone it, the worst rain I've seen this week; and the paper said fair and warmer; and my wife has been talking in her sleep."

(Enter Calpurnia.)

Calpurnia: "Julius, the current's out again; run over next door and borrow a candle. What time is it?"

Caesar: "How should I know? My watch has stopped."

Calpurnia: "I've been having nightmares."

Caesar: "You've been drinking too much coffee. Try

Postum. Go to sleep and forget it. I've got a hard day tomorrow."

Calpurnia: "You can't go to work tomorrow, I tell you. I've had a nightmare."

Caesar: "Poo! Poo! What do I care for your nightmares? Go to bed."

Calpurnia: "Look, Julius. Buzzards flying west. A bad omen."

Caesar: "Get thee to bed, or I shall cut off your monthly allowance."

(Exit Calpurnia, quickly followed by Cæsar.)

ACT THIRD—*Scene I*—In front of Cæsar's house.

Caesar: "I wish that street car would come on. This service is something awful."

Scene II

Before the capitol (Capitol Boulevard and
Cedar Street)

Caesar (to the Soothsayer): "Hello, 'Soothy,' old dear; the Ides of March have come."

Sooth: "Yes; but not *went*."

Brutus: "Cæsar, have a cigar."

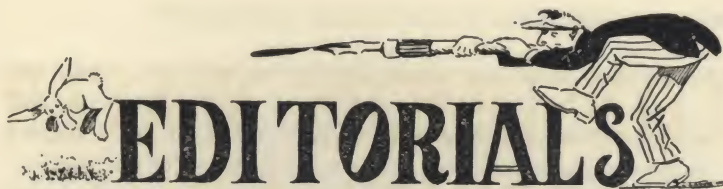
Caesar: "Thanks, Brutus; but I prefer my Chesterfields."

Brutus (aside to Cassius): "I told you he was stuck up. Isn't that a horrible looking red tie he has on; and look at those yellow and purple socks. I'll kill him now and get the crown. I wonder if it has tarnished by now?"

(The conspirators advance. Casca hits Cæsar with a hatchet. Cæsar is then hit by a cannon ball, ten bullets and fifteen knives. Cæsar falls. Brutus walks up and stabs Cæsar. Cæsar dies; his last words being, "Et tu Brute.")

As the conspirators had never studied Latin, they didn't know what Cæsar was talking about. And they all lived happy ever after.

WEBB STALEY, '21.



THE MONTGOMERY BELL BULLETIN

Entered at postoffice at Nashville, Tenn., as second-class matter.
Address all literary matter to the Editor-in-Chief; all business
matter to the Business Manager. Make checks and drafts payable
Business Manager, M. B. A. Bulletin.

J. OWEN ALLEN	Editor-in-Chief
W. ENLOE SIMMONS	Associate Editor
H. E. REAMS	Literary Editor
GEO. R. GILLESPIE	Local Editor
JAMES W. GRIFFIN	Athletic Editor
MAXWELL HART	Alumni Editor
JAMES M. CROW	Exchange Editor
CHARLES M. TURNER	Business Manager
NORWOOD NUTTING	Assistant Business Manager

Seniors, I wonder if all of us realize that very soon we shall no longer be students, but Alumni of M. B. A. Once more this honored school is sending forth into the world its graduates, some to college and some to business. But wherever we go we should always remember that we are from M. B. A. and act accordingly. M. B. A. has a proud record. So far as we know, since 1913-14 only one M. B. A. man has been put out of college for failure to keep up his work. This is a record which would do any school credit, and it should be the aim and object of every M. B. A. graduate to keep this record clean.

Here's hoping that when another year rolls around this record will not only be as clean, but cleaner. To the Class of '21, Good-bye and good luck.

FROM A SENIOR TO THE SENIORS

We are about to obtain that for which we have worked for four long years. Some of us longer. That elusive sheepskin which we have strived for during our wakeful hours and have dreamed of at night. Of course we are glad to

achieve that which we have desired so eagerly. And yet when we think of the atmosphere of good fellowship and brotherly interest which exists at dear old M. B. A., it causes a cloud to pass over the otherwise unblemished horizon. We also realize with a sense of regret that probably the most happy and most carefree period of our life is drawing to a close. We stand, as it were, upon the threshold of manhood. The time has come when we must begin to think and act more for ourselves, when we must shoulder some of the responsibilities of life.

We do not flinch, however, from this oncoming tide, because we feel fully able to hold our own in whichever direction fortune may take us. Those of us who go to college, will find that our years of preparation at M. B. A. have given us a foundation that will not crumble under our added responsibilities. And we shall be thankful many times that it was our privilege to attend such a school. Those of us who are not so fortunate as to attend college and who must face the world at once and make our own living, will find that the store of knowledge gained at M. B. A. will be a trusty weapon with which we will finally be able to gain a victory in whatever battles of life we may engage.

But, although after June 6th our paths diverge, and each one will go his way, there shall always be one place that will remain as fixed in our minds as the stars do in the sky. Need I tell you what it is? No; for you know already. It is M. B. A.

HENRY BIVINS, '21.

A MAN

Have you ever read Kipling's poem, "If"? Recently we heard this advice: "Get a copy of that poem and hang it where it will be convenient to read every morning," and we believe that it would be hard to find a better piece of advice for fellows the age of all of us.

Kipling does not give the requisites for becoming just an ordinary kind of man, but he tells what one must do to

become a man to whom belongs "the world, and everything that's in it."

At the head of the ladder of every profession or business, is this sign, "Wanted—a man." But not considering occupations, isn't it the greatest thing in life anyway to be a real *man*! Not a mere man among the crowd, but a man whose character stands out, as Elbert Hubbard says, like Mars at perihelion.

If you are thinking of applying for a place where you find that advertisement, fit yourself before you go, for under the sign is printed with smaller type: "No weaklings need apply!"

H. E. R.

M. B. A.

Does it mean anything to you to hear, out in town or elsewhere, something harmful said about your school? Doesn't it please you to hear something pleasant or complimentary spoken of Montgomery Bell? And, in fact, aren't you very proud of the fact that your school is Montgomery Bell?

After all, school spirit is the having of so great a respect and love for your school that you want it to be the very cleanest, and to have the very best reputation of all. And it goes back to you yourself. If you have any real respect for yourself, you will want your school to be right at the very top in everything. But before it can be at the top in anything it must have a stainless reputation. Think whether you have always tried to keep it so, or not, watching the other fellow as well as yourself.

Then when you have kept Montgomery Bell's record clean, you will know what real pride is, when you hear some day, "Oh, he's all right, I know, because he's from M. B. A."

This is for underclassmen; take it for what it is worth, but we seem to be preaching. Well, remember we are having our day now at M. B. A., then we pass on and you take our places.

H. E. R.

LIARS AND OTHERWISE

It has been said, and very truly so, that a liar is one of the most contemptible of all persons. In our opinion a peculiarly common and annoying type of the species is the man who promises to do something, promises to meet you somewhere, gives you a promise and then never keeps it. For instance, you make an appointment with a boy to meet you at a certain place and then he never shows up. Maybe the first time you will excuse him and overlook it, but, "never again." When he tells you he will be at a certain place, at a certain time, you will probably say to yourself, "I'll look for you, when I see you coming." The kind that, when he makes an engagement, there is a fifty-fifty chance that he will not keep it; and probably the very ones who are like this would be insulted if you were to tell them so. The best thing to do before you promise to do anything is to consider carefully whether or not you can keep your promise. You can make excuses for a broken engagement, but you can never retain the same self-respect and the respect of others you would have if you had not made it.



IF MATH. 6 SHOULD GIVE MR. BLAIR AN
EXAMINATION

1. (a) How many chapters are in the book we use?
(b) Give number and title of each.
(c) Who wrote the book; and if more than one person, give combined ages in terms of x .
2. (a) State how to work problems by introduction, inflation, determination, and inspection; also name 64,123 other methods from your own memory.
(b) Which 443 classes of working do you consider most difficult? Work fifteen problems from each.
3. (a) What rule do you find on page 245, 89, 124, 16, 64.
(b) Give those rules backwards, then forward.
(c) On what page do you find the rule about positive negatives? unequal equalities? irrational inequations?
(d) In what articles are these found? paragraphs?
(e) Give all disassociative and community laws.
(f) Give all theorems, suppositions, and condemnations on and about problems in the book.
4. (a) If one brick in the Stahlman Building weighs 4.33841 pounds, state how many trips the combined number of elevators make annually.
(b) With the formula derived from the above, find the length, breadth and thickness of the building in terms of " x ," " y ," and " z ."

5. (a) Work all odd problems in the book.
- (b) Work the even.
- (c) Uneven.
- (d) Others.

PLEDGE

Work any five. Six will guarantee pass.

* * *

Gillespie came to school recently with his eye about five times as large as it ought to be. He at once started to pulling that old one about a baseball hitting him. But it is our opinion that the baseball had knuckles instead of stitches and it was covered with human hide instead of horsehide. Anyway we are glad that he didn't try to pull that other ancient one about the stick of kindling flying up and hitting him.

* * *

DAILY SPECIALS

Dickey Call came to school regularly for awhile. Yes; regularly, every Tuesday.

Not long ago "Little Duck" and "Little Bull" fought fifteen furious rounds to a draw. A return match is expected.

Prof. Cherry has now become an active member with the "Board of Education."

Stebb Waley is still raving about that diploma (?).

* * *

Mrs. Ball: "Piper, give me an incorrect use of Mr."

Piper: "Mrs. Johnson calls Jack Potter, Mr. Potter."

* * *

Phil: "You look worried."

Tot: "I am. My father has conceived the idea of trying to cut down my allowance low enough to keep people from saying I have more money than I have brains."

* * *

Phil Minton (at M. B. A. dance): "It seems that every roughneck here is with a pretty girl."

She (?): "Oh, don't flatter me that way."

Mr. Caldwell (in Physics): "When is water most likely to escape?"

Tot Potter: "I reckon when it is only half tide."

* * *

Think hard and see if you know any of these, they compose the M. B. A. Hall of Fame:

Smoky Joe	Temp
Aztec	Happy
Pluto	Jep
Woo-Fang	Pup
Grabba Holt	Lord Chesterfield
Lunch Room King	Duck
See Wenning	Snake-brains
Diamond Dick	Shorty
Alex	Cot
Uncle Dudley	Doug
Mickey	Deck
Abe	Son
Tot	Rusty
Bass	Oily
University Club	Cush

* * *

She: "I appreciate the compliment, but I am afraid I could never make you happy."

Jim G.: "O yes, you could. You don't know how easily pleased I am."

* * *

Phil: "Are you going to college and get a degree?"

Mike: "Yes; a B.A. degree."

Phil: "What does B.A. stand for?"

Mike: "Bachelor of Athletics."—Ex.

* * *

"What has become of your watch? The one you used to have had a handsome gold case."

"I know it did. But circumstances alter cases."—Ex.

Author: "I am troubled with insomnia. I lie awake hour after hour at night thinking about my literary work."

Friend: "How silly. Why don't you get up and read some of it?"—Ex.

* * *

"Now then," said the auctioneer, holding up a pair of antique silver candlesticks, "give me a start."

"Two shillings," came from a voice in the rear of the room.

"What!" exclaimed the horrified auctioneer.

"Ah," said the bidder in an undertone and with a chuckle, "I thought that would give him a start."—Ex.

* * *

A girl in a small village eloped in her father's clothes. The local newspaper came out with an account of the elopement thus headed:

"Flees in Father's Pants."—Ex.

* * *

A census-taker rang the bell of a fashionable residence the other day and an elderly gentleman opened the door.

"I'd like to see the head of the house," said the census-taker.

"Sh-h! Not so loud!" whispered the elderly gentleman. "What is it? I'm the head of the house."—Ex.

* * *

Hubby: "I went to a stag party last night, dearie."

Dearie: "Yes; I heard you staggering as you came in."—Ex.

* * *

A man stepped up to President Wilson one day and said: "Sir, I am an evolutionist, and I want to discuss the question with you. I am also an annihilationist; I believe that when I die that will be the end of me."

"Thank goodness for that!" said the President, as he walked off and left the man dazed.—Ex.

An army mule at one of the cantonments "went west." The private who had charge of the last rites had to fill out the regulation form and came across the suggestion, "Disposition of carcass."

After a moment's thought the Buck wrote on the blank line:

"Mean and deceitful."—Ex.

* * *

He: "But, Mabel, on what grounds does your father object to me?"

Mabel: "On any grounds within a mile of our house."—Ex.

* * *

He: "A penny for your thoughts."

She (coily): "Oh, I really can't tell you. This is not leap year."—Ex.

* * *

"How do you know that this is mine?" a guest inquired of the man who takes care of the hats in a well-known hotel.

"I don't know it," replied the man.

"Then why did you give it to me," insisted the bewildered guest.

"Because you gave it to me, sir," replied the man without moving a muscle of his face.—Ex.

* * *

The wife of a clergyman warned him as he went to officiate at a funeral one rainy day: "Now, John, don't stand with your bare head on the damp ground."—Ex.

* * *

"I understand that your son got his B.A. and his M.A."

"Yes; it is still his P.A. that supports him."—Ex.

* * *

"He was killed by an infernal machine."

"Did they arrest the chauffeur?"—Ex.

NO DOUBT

Mary: "I saw you with a man in a car yesterday, but he seemed to have only one arm. Did he lose the other?"

Bessie: "Oh, no; It was around somewhere, I guess."
—Ex.

* * *

The following appeared recently in a newspaper:
"Wanted—A man to undertake the sale of Ford automobiles. We guarantee it will be profitable to the undertaker."—Ex.

* * *

Two men stopped at a hotel.

"Say, Frank," asked one. "Did you take a bath?"

"No," answered Frank. "Was one missing?"—Ex.

* * *

She: "And didn't it get on your nerves terribly when a Hun plane started up in pursuit?"

He: "Yes; made me soar."—Ex.

* * *

Father: "Suppose I should be taken away suddenly, what would become of you, my boy?"

Son: "I'd stay here. The question is, what would become of you."—Ex.

* * *

"Why don't hens lay eggs at night?"

"Because they are roosters then."—Ex.

* * *

A woman, troubled with chromatic nightmares and who frequently cried out in her sleep, advertised for board "with a family who would not object to screaming in the night."

Among the answers she received was one which asked:
"How often would you require us to scream a night?"—Ex.

* * *

"Is he a live wire?"

"No; he's a short circuit."—Ex.

He (after his wife had come from a visit to the doctor) :
"But why are you so angry with him?"

She: "When I told him I had such a terrible tired feeling, he told me to show him my tongue."—Ex.

* * *

"They don't look like fast colors to me," said the housewife, as she looked at the gingham on a counter in the dry goods store.

"Indeed they are, ma'am," answered the clerk earnestly.
"You just ought to see them when they begin to run."—Ex.

* * *

Mrs. Cohen: "Dis lifeguard saved your life, Ike, shall I giff him a dollar?"

Mr. Cohen: "I vas half dead when he pulled me oud. Giff him fifty cents."—Ex.

* * *

A FEW DEFINITIONS MR. WEBSTER DIDN'T GIVE

Athlete—A dignified bunch of muscles unable to split kindling or sift the ashes.

Bone—One dollar, the original price of a wife. (Note: Adam had to give a bone for Eve.)

Cannibal—A heathen hobo who never works but lives on other people.

Echo—The only thing that can beat a woman out of the last word.

Explosion—A good chance to begin at the bottom and work up.

Hug—A roundabout way of expressing affection.

Non-conductor—The motorman.

Lie—A very poor substitute for the truth, but the only one discovered up to date.—Ex.



M. B. A., 4; WILLIAMS, 3

Our second game was played on April 13th at Gallatin with Williams. Our whole team showed up well, with much improvement over the first game. Crow pitched a good game, and most of Williams' runs were scored on errors. The M. B. A. battery was Crow and Minton.

* * *

M. B. A., 5; CENTRAL HIGH SCHOOL, 4

On April 18th the Central High team came out to M. B. A. with the honest intention of winning. But when the smoke of battle cleared away, after a very thrilling rally, M. B. A. possessed the larger end of the score, which was 5-4. Hildebrand and Kuhn, at second and short, put up a fine brand of ball.

* * *

M. B. A., 14; DUNCAN, 7

The M. B. A. team continued its winning streak by defeating Duncan on April 19th. Clark, the Duncan pitcher, was hit at will, while Griffin, for M. B. A., kept Duncan hits well scattered. Batteries for M. B. A., Griffin and Blake; for Duncan, Clark and Harvill.

* * *

M. B. A., 2; WALLACE, 6

On April 27th M. B. A. lost a hard game to Wallace. During the first of the game M. B. A. made two runs and Wallace one. The score stayed this way until the fatal

eighth, when Wallace made six runs. All of these were made on account of M. B. A. errors. The line-up was as follows:

<i>M. B. A.</i>	<i>Position</i>	<i>Wallace</i>
Hildebrand,	Second Base.....	M. Greek
Kuhn	Shortstop.....	Duke
Crow	Pitcher.....	Greek
McWhorter	First Base.....	Wilson
Griffin, Blake.....	Catcher	Preston
Lawyer	Center Field.....	Goodloe
A. Brown.....	Right Field.....	Allan
Jones	Left Field.....	Evans
Russell	Third Base	Anderson

* * *

M. B. A., 1; C. H. M. A., 7

On Saturday, April 30th, we lost a hard game to Castle Heights. If the breaks in the game had been even we really believe that the victory would have been ours. As it was, C. H. was unable to touch Crow for several innings. Then on account of errors by our team and "bum" decisions by the umpire, Heights piled up seven runs. We are looking forward to the return game, which we should win. Batteries for M. B. A., Crow and Blake; for C. H. M. A., Perry, Jolly and Freeman.

* * *

M. B. A.-MORGAN

On May 7th M. B. A. journeyed down to Petersburg for two games with Morgan. Morgan's pitcher allowed only one hit, Alex Brown getting this, while Morgan secured four clean hits off Griffin's delivery. The rest of Morgan's runs were due to M. B. A. errors. Batteries: M. B. A., Griffin and Blake; Morgan, McKibbons and Reagor.

* * *

M. B. A., 0; MORGAN, 10

In the second game of the Morgan series, played on May 8th, M. B. A. lost. The game was called early in order for the M. B. A. team to catch a train. Crow pitched a good

game but, as usual, errors made by M. B. A. defeated him. Batteries: M. B. A., Crow and Blake; Morgan, Gould and Smith.

* * *

M. B. A., 6; WILLIAMS, 7

On Friday, May 13, our team lost to Williams on M. B. A. field. The field was wet and muddy, causing the game to be slower than usual. Williams started things off by making two runs in the first half of the first inning. Then in the second half of the first inning M. B. A. made one run. After this, during the first part of the game, Williams made five runs. M. B. A. made two rallies in the seventh and eighth inning, but fell one run short of tying the score. Jones for M. B. A. played a good game.

* * *

As this is written the season is not yet ended and the team may pull out with some further victories—we hope they may. We have lost a good many games, not because we lack men who can play ball, for those we have. What has hurt us most is rather a fatal liability to individual explosion, during a given inning most often, or perhaps two innings, when errors have seemed to be the order of the day; and after pretty much everyone has made an error or so, why the team has settled down to sure-enough ball, with perhaps a hair-raising rally at the end, but it was too late.

Jack Hanes, Mgr.

Phones { M. 3112
M. 4908

Happy Jack's Orchestra

B

Jazz

Music for All Occasions

Pep

Dances a Specialty

Book Early

Headquarters

Scott's

606 Church St.



The object of this department of the BULLETIN is to give some prominence to the names and achievements of those who at one time have attended M. B. A. This is done for two reasons: first, to let everyone know of the success of M. B. A. men; and second, to let the M. B. A. graduates themselves know that, no matter where they are, or what life work they have chosen, we are always interested in them and we are pulling for their success.

They may be numbered by the hundreds, but our space is limited, and in this issue we must content ourselves with filling the few pages allotted for this purpose.

One of M. B. A.'s earliest and most noted alumni was Sam Davis, a hero whose name will live forever wherever the story of the Civil War is told. He attended this school in 1861.

The following are a few of the most noted successful M. B. A. Alumni:

Ralph Totten, '94, is United States Consul-at-large in western Europe. He has been on a leave of absence in the United States recently.

Charles Trabue, '87, and Thomas H. Malone, Jr., '86, are two of Nashville's leading lawyers.

The DeWitt brothers, John, '90, and Paul, '94, are successful professional men of the city, being lawyer and physician respectively.

Mr. Oscar Geny, '86, of Geny Brothers, and Mr. Tom Joy,

'07, of Joy Floral Company, are both Alumni of M. B. A. Mr. Joy is a member of the M. B. A. Board of Directors.

John Bell Keeble, '84, besides being Dean of the Vanderbilt Law School, counsel for the L. & N. R. R., and an eminent lawyer, finds time for a number of lesser occupations also.

Judge Thomas E. Matthews, '72, has retired from the practice of law and spends his summers at his home in East Nashville.

J. M. Gray, '87 (president), and R. M. Dudley, '71, of Gray-Dudley Hardware Company, are M. B. A. Alumni.

William Nelson, '81, is president of the Nashville Trust Company. Edward Warner, '81, is also with that bank.

J. C. Bradford, Jr., '09; T. M. Ford, '92; Joseph Treanor, '93; D. C. Buell, and W. D. Gale, '79, are prominent insurance men of Nashville.

I. G. Chase, '85, is associated with W. W. Dillon in the firm of Dillon & Chase, real estate agents. A. M. Hagan, '83, and Goodloe Cockrill, '85, are also prominent in real estate circles.

John Early, '84, of Early, Cain & Company, harness and saddlery makers, is a leading business man of Nashville. He is one of the M. B. A. board of trustees.

Both M. S. Combs, '70, and G. A. Davis, '95, are undertakers, members of two of the oldest establishments of the city.

Marshall Morgan, '95, is with the State Department in Washington, D. C.

H. Hardison, '91, is a dealer in building supplies of Nashville.

George F. Blackie, '86, is in the N., C. & St. L. engineering department.

J. M. Dickinson, '70, who was a member of ex-President Taft's cabinet, is now receiver for the Rock Island System.

Gen. Robert Vaughn, '73, a prominent resident of Nashville, was former clerk and master.

West Morton, '88, has also been prominent in politics in the city.

J. O. Burge, Jr., '01, is president of the W. W. Ford Tobacco Works.

Mr. Paul Ryman, '00, who has achieved wide reputation as a tenor of merit, has signed a very flattering contract for the coming season, it is understood.

R. L. Jones, '86, is a well-known physician of Nashville.

G. C. Dury, '72, is president of G. C. Dury & Company, and Walter Keith, '85, is president of Keith-Simmons Hardware Company.

J. C. Pryor, '89, who was both a student and a teacher at Montgomery Bell, has attained the rank of captain in the navy and resides at Hampton Roads, Va.

E. M. Kelly, '74, is president of the Liberty Mills Company.

* * *

Mr. J. Bland Roberts, '12, who taught at Duncan School the past year, goes to China as a missionary, after having completed further preparation for this work, here and in Scotland.

* * *

Tom Remy, '21, is doing well in business with his father in the Remy-Nance-Connell Company.

* * *

William B. Landis, '20, had a clear lead in English this last term over all the University of Virginia freshmen, his average standing at 98 3-5.



This year we have enjoyed the following exchanges, and hope to have them with us next session :

The Battle Ground Breeze—Battle Ground Academy, Franklin, Tenn.

The Bayonet—Tennessee Military Institute, Sweetwater, Tenn.

Wallace World—Wallace University School, Nashville, Tenn.

The Peabody Volunteer—Peabody Demonstration School, Nashville, Tenn.

The Echo—Hume-Fogg High School, Nashville, Tenn.

The Williams Wedge—Williams Training School, Gallatin, Tenn.

The Megaphone—Central High School, Nashville, Tenn.

The Megaphone—McFerrin School, Martin, Tenn.

The Whip—Lebanon High School, Lebanon, Tenn.

Orange and White—University of Tennessee, Knoxville, Tenn.

The Booster—Kingsport High School, Kingsport, Tenn.

The Polytechnic—Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute, Troy, N. Y.

Cadet Days—St. Johns Military Academy, Delafield, Wis.

The Cue—Albany Academy, Albany, N. Y.

Purple and Gold—High School, Clarksville, Tenn.

The News Item—N., C. & St. L. Railroad, Nashville, Tenn.

The Wigwam—Yakima High School, Yakima, Wash.

The Herald—Castle Heights Military Academy, Lebanon, Tenn.

The telephone girl has more rings in her ears than she has on her fingers.

Many a woman would rather be interesting than proper.

The price of Liberty—Ten dollars or ten days.—The Bayonet.

* * *

It was midnight on the ocean,
Not a street car was in sight,
The sun was shining brightly,
And it rained all day that night.

'Twas a winter day in summer,
And the rain was snowing fast,
A barefoot boy, with shoes on,
Stood sitting in the grass.

It was midnight, and the rising sun
Was sinking in the west;
The little fishes in the trees
Were cuddled in their nests.

The rain was hailing softly down,
The sun was very bright,
And everything that you could see
Was hidden out of sight.—Ex.

* * *

He met her in the meadow
As the sun was sinking low,
They walked along together
In the twilight's afterglow.
She waited until patiently
He had lowered all the bars,
Her soft eyes bent upon him,
As radiant as the stars.
She didn't smile or thank him,
In fact she knew not how,
For he was just a farmer lad
And she, a Jersey cow.—Ex.

A Chink by the name of Ching Sing,
Fell off of a street car—bing-bing;
The Con. turned his head—to the passengers said:
“This car’s lost a washer”—ding-ding.—Ex.

* * *

A wise old owl lived in an oak,
The more he saw the less he spoke,
The less he spoke the more he heard,
Why can’t we all be like that bird.—Ex.

* * *

When a pair of lips are upturned to your own
With no one to gossip about it,
Do you pray for endurance to let them alone?
Well, maybe you do, but I doubt it.

When a sly little hand you are permitted to seize,
With a velvety softness about it,
Do you think you can drop it with never a squeeze?
Well, maybe you can, but I doubt it.

When a tapering waist is in reach of your arm,
With a wonderful plumpness about it,
Do you argue the point twixt the good and the harm?
Well, maybe you do, but I doubt it.

And if by the arts you then win a heart,
With a wonderful sweetness about it,
Will you guard it and always act the good part?
Well, maybe you will, but I doubt it.—Ex.

* * *

If you love me, tay tow;
If you don’t love me, tay tow.
If you love me, tweeze my hand,
But don’t keep me titting on dese told teaps
All night long, I’ll freeze to deff.

She "What would you call a man who hid behind a woman's skirt?"

He: "I'd call him a magician."—The Bayonet.

* * *

Mugwump—University of Tennessee, Knoxville, Tenn.
The Franklin High Bugle—Franklin High School, Franklin, Tenn.

ANTIQUE FURNITURE
CAREFULLY SELECTED PIECES

MRS. CHAS. M. TURNER

1904 ACKLEN AVENUE

HEMLOCK 3848-J

WRIGHT BROS. & TURNER

WALL PAPER—PICTURE FRAMES

303 FIFTH AVENUE, NORTH

POWER PACKING PLANT

POWER AND HONEY DEW BRAND
HAMS, BACON AND LARD